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## My Note Book.

*Leonato.*—Are these things spoken or do I but dream?  
*Don John.*—Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.  
*—Much Ado About Nothing.*



IT is an ungrateful office to have to impugn the importance of any of the works so kindly lent by their owners to the Barye Memorial Exhibition, now open at the American Art Galleries; but, with due regard for the feelings of those gentlemen and due deference to the opinions of the distinguished members of the Committee on

Selection, I must say that close scrutiny of some of the pictures—such was impossible at the time of writing last month—compels me to question very seriously their right to be found in a collection of "Masterpieces." Will the Committee look again at No. 560 of the catalogue, entitled "Going to the Fair," and say that it is a representative Troyon? Will they guess at what age of his boyhood Rousseau might have painted No. 562, entitled "October"? Do they really believe that Nos. 568, "Forest of Fontainebleau," and 569, "Dogs and Hare," really left his hand in their present condition? Will they certify that Diaz really painted No. 575, called "The Flight of Cupid" in the catalogue, or that No. 590, "Evening," is really by Corot? Do they believe that No. 611, "La Naissance du Veau," was more than the merest sketch when it left Millet's hand; has it not, like "The Sower" (No. 620), been painted over to make it more salable? Had they no misgivings as to the genuineness of the pastel (No. 638) "The Shepherdess," ascribed to Millet, or that of "Gardeuse de Chevre en Auvergne" (No. 648), apparently by the same hand? Is it not fair to assume that if Millet made these pastel drawings that those shown as his last summer at the Universal Exhibition in Paris were all forgeries?

THE sumptuously printed and profusely illustrated life of Barye, by Mr. Charles De Kay, with its chaste binding of white vellum stamped in gold, and its broad pages of Holland paper with wide margins, makes a notable souvenir of the exhibition under the auspices of the Barye Monument Association, by whom it is published. A hasty perusal of the volume is enough to show that Mr. De Kay has produced a work of permanent literary value, worthy of more serious consideration than can be given to it at the present writing.

THE true story of the sale of the Probasco collection of paintings may be extorted from the American Art Association in the local courts before long unless the latter can make terms with Mr. Durand-Ruel, who affirms that he is entitled to a large sum of money for having effected the sale, and has retained eminent counsel, Mr. Fredrick Coudert, to wit, to prosecute his claim. Should the case come to trial, it will probably be shown that the American Art Association actually bought the pictures outright from Mr. Probasco and afterward sold them—or part of them—at auction, just as was clearly set forth in My Note Book at the time. The ostensible receipts at the auction in certain cases were far above the valuations on which Mr. Durand-Ruel bases his claim for a division of the profits, and the American Art Association may be called upon to answer some searching questions touching the genuineness of these sales. But I don't think the cause will be tried.

THE fifth exhibition at the Union League Club of Oriental art consisted of a fascinating array of art objects in jade, jadeite, crystal, agate and other carved and polished stones. About a year ago, Mr. George F. Kunz, the recognized expert in this country in precious stones, contributed to The Art Amateur two valuable articles on art work in jade, which, I believe, gave the first authoritative information published in an American periodical on this little known subject. I will not ask the reader to look up these articles now; but, for the benefit of the uninitiated, let me quote the following pithy paragraph from the admirable catalogue of the

Union League Club exhibition: "Jade [which is a silicate of lime and magnesia] is remarkable for its toughness. It never exhibits crystalline form or distinct cleavage. On this account the difficulty of working it is excessive. Neither steel nor fire produces any impression on it. Drills, protected by the dust of the diamond or of jade, are used to honeycomb the piece to be worked, and the partitions are then broken down." All the varieties of jade were shown—white, the rare black, gray, yellow and many shades of green—and the precious emerald fei-tsui, or "imperial jade," which is not really jade, but jadeite, a silicate of alumina and soda. Imagine hundreds of artistic objects exquisitely carved from this obdurate material and set off by others of crystal and variously tinted agates, hardly less difficult to work, all arranged in glass show-cases under the rays of the electric light, and you have an idea of the fairy-like scene presented in the picture galleries at the Union League Club. The walls were covered with paintings of rare excellence, but it was almost impossible to turn from the show-cases to look at them.

THE first case to catch the eye was that filled with objects exclusively from the collection of Mr. Brayton Ives. The display was wonderful. It is hard to say, though, which excited the more astonishment—the varied beauty of the objects themselves or the fact that one man—a plain American citizen—could become the owner of so many remarkable pieces; for money alone is not sufficient to procure these. Consider the objects of fei-tsui alone—they were numerous enough and fine enough to give "cachet" to half a dozen collections. Among these, the double gourd with the gourd vine overhanging it, and the great white jadeite jar, with splashes of the purest emerald green, have been fully described in Mr. Kunz's articles already referred to.

THEN there was Mr. Ives's exquisitely carved cylinder of green jade, at one end of the case, and at the other end was his large gray jade cylinder, representing a landscape, with figures, horses grazing and bridges, wonderfully cut and thinned so as to let in the light effectively in certain places. An electric light was suspended inside each of these jars, with most striking and novel effect, suggesting the wonderful possibilities of a lamp shade of carved jade, if such a thing could be found. The enthroned Buddha and Buddhistic Heaven, and the marvellously fluted and egg-shell bowls, the exquisite pieces of yellow jade, and others of that opaque white variety known as "pork fat"—all famous objects such as are seldom seen even in the great museums—can only be barely mentioned. Among the objects lending variety of color to the display were a beautiful piece of carved rose crystal, and a piece of carnelian, through which in the block ran a vein of agate, which the artist, instead of cutting out, with rare skill had turned into cherry blossoms.

IN range of color, however, Mr. James A. Garland easily took the lead, with choice specimens of pure crystal, smoke crystal and aquamarine crystal, amber and amethyst. Mr. Thomas B. Clarke lent a ring, an earring, a brooch and a bracelet, all in fei-tsui of the brightest emerald hue; Mrs. Potter Palmer, a group of three fine pieces of fei-tsui; Mr. Charles Stewart Smith, a remarkable agate of coral color and Mr. John Hopper, a very pretty light box with carved cover, which must also be called agate—it is certainly too opaque for jade. Mr. W. C. Oastler showed three showy pieces of pink quartz, with gilt filigree Indian mounts, somewhat too elaborate, and a very interesting piece of brownish agate carved into fruit, with the crust utilized as cherry blossoms.

I HAVE come near omitting mention of the three most beautiful specimens of jade in this case—lent by Mr. S. P. Avery—a large pure white disk with birds and landscape, and a pair of exquisite large flat vases with ormolu mountings of the Louis Quinze period. Among a variety of miscellaneous and miniature pieces may be mentioned an amethyst snuff-bottle carved to resemble some fruit, a wonderfully carved crab in red agate, fruit in yellow agate, a carnelian shaped like a cockleshell, an exquisite lapis-lazuli seal and an egg of pure crystal. Mr. Kunz completed the exhibition by a collection of curious objects in jade, jadeite and pectolite, of great scientific interest, the specimens having been found in Alaska, Mexico, British Columbia, New Zealand, Honduras, India and China.

THE American illustrated magazines will have to look to their laurels if the admirable Christmas number of The English Illustrated Magazine is to be the standard for the future. Passing the cover design by Walter Crane, which, though effective for business purposes, is hardly worthy of his reputation, artistically speaking, there is little, from the admirable frontispiece, "All Hands to the Pump," engraved by O. Lacour, from Mr. Tuke's capital painting at the Royal Academy of 1889, which was bought by the Chantrey Bequest Fund, to the spirited sea story, by W. Clark Russell, which concludes the number, which does not call for commendation. The illustrations are especially notable, from the simple, decorative pen drawings by Walter Crane, which have a peculiarly charming personal flavor, to the careful but often spirited engravings after W. Bismcombe Gardner's delightful pictures of English pastoral scenery. If some of the wood-cuts are, in a sense, less "artistic" than those familiar to us in The Century, Harper's and Scribner's, the illustrations as a rule have a bolder, more open, larger appearance, which connects them at once with the text, and makes them appear more like illustrations and less like mere pictures. Yet, it is evident that The English Illustrated Magazine has been strongly influenced by the work of its American contemporaries. "A Storied Tavern," illustrated with pen drawings by Herbert Railton, would look entirely natural if we should find it in Harper's or The Century with the drawings signed by Pennell or Edwards. There is even an old English ballad over-illustrated with pen drawings after the manner of Abbey, which is rather a pity, for it invites comparisons not favorable to Hugh Thomson, his competitor in this vein. The single column measure for the letter-press is an aid to the illustrations, but tiresome to the reader. Taken as a whole, however, The English Illustrated Magazine leaves little to be desired, and I beg to extend to Messrs. Macmillan & Co. my cordial felicitations.

MR. CLARENCE COOK's delightful publication, The Studio, comes out now weekly instead of monthly. For my own part, I wish he would make it a daily and write it all himself. He is always interesting.

THE energetic proprietor of The New York World, who is now in Paris for his health, has commissioned Bartholdi to execute, at the price of \$50,000, a statuary group of Washington and Lafayette, which it is the intention of Mr. Joseph Pulitzer to present to the city of Paris. The sculptor has made his clay models, which have been seen by a correspondent of The Philadelphia, who says:

"The base of the monument will be an irregular surface, as if to represent natural ground. Washington stands at the left side, turning partly to his right, so that he looks into the eyes of Lafayette, whose position, of course, is the reverse of that of his companion. Lafayette's right arm is extended and his hand grasps Washington's left. Washington's right hand grasps a standard set in the background, from which fall the colors of the United States. This standard inclines from him and crosses a staff in Lafayette's left hand, which bears the French colors. Both figures are in full military costume."

It is not generally known that the colossal group of the Lion and the Serpent by Barye, now at the American Art Galleries, was not altogether a spontaneous gift of the French Government to our Metropolitan Museum of Art. Mr. Cyrus J. Lawrence saw its counterpart at the Barye exhibition at the Beaux Arts, and learning from Mr. Lucas that the Government had a duplicate of it, offered to buy it to give to the Metropolitan Museum. The Government declined to take pay for the cast, but offered it to our museum, through Mr. Lawrence, on the sole condition that it should be first shown at the Barye Memorial exhibition in New York. Mr. Lawrence only had to pay the charges for transportation, but virtually, it will be seen, the gift was his, and he should receive credit at least for his generous intention.

AT the forthcoming sale of the effects of the late S. L. M. Barlow, the objects of special interest to collectors of examples of Oriental art will be some large and fine pieces of cloisonné enamel and a sumptuously beautiful porcelain vase of sang-de-boeuf. This vase has a history which Mr. Barlow loved to tell to a sympathetic listener. Many years ago, during a riot in Hong-Kong, a Chinese merchant whose life was in peril was sheltered by

Mr. Forbes, an American banker, father of the young artist of that name. With the extravagant gratitude of an Oriental, he offered to give him whatever he would ask for that he possessed. Mr. Forbes naturally declined to ask for anything, and then the Chinaman forced upon him this vase, a priceless heirloom, which he regarded as the most precious object in his possession. Mr. Forbes subsequently gave it to Mr. Barlow, whose client he was. The vase, as I have said, is sumptuously beautiful; it is not only exquisite in form and color, but it has the rare quality of having the blood-red glaze as dark, rich and continuous at the mouth as at the bottom, where it is apt to collect unduly. There are what the dealers would call more "important" pieces of sang-de-bœuf in the city, but I know of none which surpasses the Barlow vase in depth of color or evenness of glaze.

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SURELY the time has come to stop the printer advertising gratuitously on the work of his customer. The tiny imprint—hardly to be seen without a magnifying glass—formerly allowed occasionally as a matter of courtesy, in recognition, perhaps, of some especially fine specimen of typography, has grown to such proportions that sometimes it is really difficult to tell who is the printer and who is the publisher of a book. The abuse, however, is not confined to books or pamphlets, or even circulars. The imprint is found even on a personal note of invitation. If there is room, and he thinks the customer will stand it, the printer boldly puts in his full firm name, address and combined business card. Sometimes he puts on the imprint after the proof has been passed and it is too late to remove it. In such a case, it seems to me that he should be required to pay a good round sum for the advertisement.

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THE abuse is carried even further in the lithographic trade. An artistic piece of work frequently is hopelessly defaced by a coarse unauthorized imprint, put on at the last minute, after the proof has been passed by the customer. Publishers really should combine to stop this imposition. The printer has no more right to advertise his business gratuitously at the expense and without the consent of his customer than the house-painter has to finish up his job by painting in his business card in one of the door panels. But I do not doubt that the house painter will do this in time unless he is watched. The sign painter already puts his name and address on *his* job, so that all who run may read. This is an age of advertising, and everybody must advertise and will advertise, even if he has to do so at the expense of his neighbor.

MONTEZUMA.

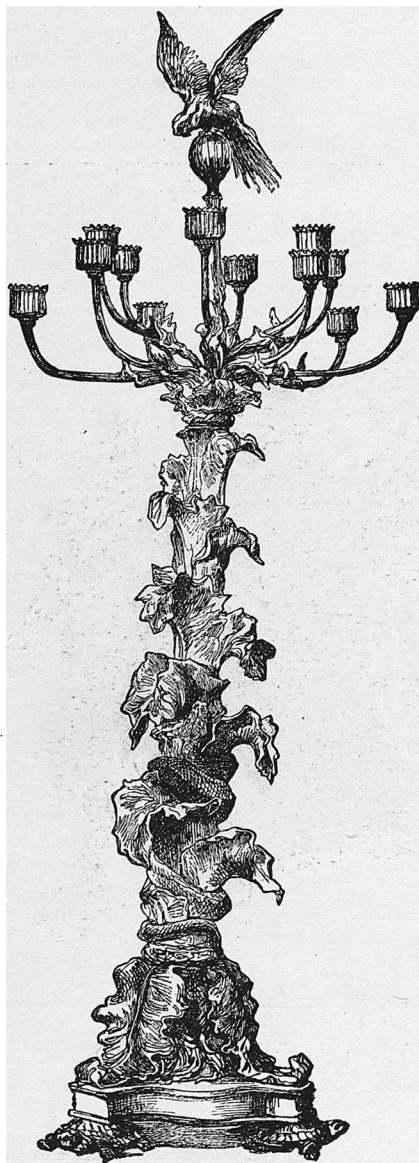
#### THE BARYE MONUMENT FUNDEXHIBITION.

##### SECOND NOTICE.

THE candlestick which we illustrate on this page shows plainer than words could make it Barye's decided genius for ornament. That, indeed, is evident in most of his works. His little groups are all designed for the places where they naturally belong—for the mantel-shelf, the writing table, a corner in the library, a niche in the entrance hall. In judging them, their natural surroundings should be borne in mind. But these groups are conceived, as similar ones were by the ancients, in a spirit far removed from that shown in the decorative sculpture of the Renaissance. Barye presents his subject so composed, modelled and colored as to have the right decorative effect in itself, without any aid from the conventional piling up of masks, strap-work and all sorts of "attributes" and accessories, which the Renaissance, copying late Roman work, developed into the "enriched" decorative style which so weighs upon us poor moderns. Barye instinctively felt that his little groups, full of life and of decorative play of line, were in need of no enrichment. The same feeling shows, only more plainly, in the objects of ordinary use which he modelled. In these, the bare mechanical outline had to be clothed with more graceful forms borrowed from natural objects. But Barye, having wisely chosen his model, seldom found himself obliged to add any incongruous element. In this, as in all things, he acted not from theory, but from an inborn taste for purity of motive. Thus, in our candlestick having probably received a hint from some Pompeian bronze, he instinctively turned to the plant which, in northern climes, nearest represents the Greek acanthus, and built up his design out of its strong stem and richly moulded leaves. It is not as well known as it should be

that the Greek term (thorn-flower) includes all plants of the thistle tribe, among which the burdock comes nearest to the "flowing acanthus" of Pliny, the plant whose forms were oftenest copied by Greek and Roman sculptors. From the burdock, then, taken in spring, when the undeveloped leaves cling to and strengthen the already robust stem, he built up this candlestick, making it an object expressive at once of strength and beauty. His other works of the sort—candelabras, pendules, card-receivers—show a like understanding of applied ornament, a like determination that the general effect should be that of a natural growth.

We have promised some account of the mass of Barye's works in the exhibition, but there is not much to add to what has already been said, unless we were to give a sort of catalogue raisonné of all the objects exhibited—which considerations of space forbid. As with all men of genius, it will be difficult for even his



CANDELABRUM BY BARYE.

admirers to come to an agreement about him. One will admire him for one quality; another for some other. Some, again, will find fault where others can only see beauties. For our part, we are not much troubled by his slighting of anatomical details. The knee of his running horse may be a mere lump of wax without any indication of the delicate modelling of nature; but, then it is not the anatomy of the knee that gives us the impression of running. In the muscles of the shoulders and haunches, in the curve of the neck, the artist's intelligence is shown. Perhaps, to be ideally perfect, that which even the trained eye cannot see should also be hinted at. In some of the groups the workman has run away with the artist. Mere technical problems of undercutting, chasing, and the like had sometimes a disproportionate interest for him. But it is to his knowledge and practice of the technique of his art that we owe the absolute mastery shown in the majority of his

pieces. Nothing, after all, renders the imagination so free as a thorough knowledge of the means of expression.

With a notable sense of the fitness of things, the "Angelus" at the Barye exhibition has been given, not the place of honor in the large gallery, but a place at the end of the upper gallery, where it can be very well seen and examined, and where a direct comparison is not invited between it and others of Millet's paintings, or between it and the works of his contemporaries. The picture deserves to be considered for and by itself, without regard to the price given for it or the disputed question as to whether it is or is not Millet's best work. As for ourselves, there are others of his works which we prefer to it. Full of deep and unaffected feeling as it is we think Millet struck a deeper note in the "Tobias," called in the catalogue "Waiting." The handling in this, as in several other examples, "The Sheepfold" by moonlight, especially, is remarkably neat, careful and smooth for Millet. It is not his natural manner of painting, but was forced on him by the need to sell. When painting to please himself, his touch is somewhat heavy, clumsy and negligent; and so far from being naturally inclined to give a porcelain-like texture to his work, the thick woollen stuffs of his peasant women's gowns have been rendered by him with absolute fidelity, and he often gives the appearance of thick woollen or felted stuffs to objects which in nature have nothing of it. Color, too, is somewhat lacking to the "Angelus," although the sky is exceptionally fine. But it is the sentiment of the picture that has made its reputation, and no one will deny that it possesses sentiment. The man and woman who stop their work in the field and bend their heads in prayer at the sound of the evening bell are well known as to pose and expression through all kinds of engravings and other reproductions. The painting itself, it is likely, will be shown throughout the United States. To describe it more fully, then, would be superfluous; but we can assure our readers that they will be in no wise disappointed in it. The feeling which the artist expresses in it is genuine. Its execution, though constrained, is thoroughly honest, and if one is not likely to get a wholly adequate idea of Millet's artistic bent and capacities from it, still it shows an admirable side of the man Millet, and is in every way a noteworthy work of art.

There are thirty-five other pictures and sketches bearing the name of Millet. We can describe only some of the more important ones. "The Potato Harvest," lent by Mr. Walters, is remarkable for the splendid effect of sun and gloom, and for the wonderful grouping of the figures. To the right of the composition, a woman holding a sack which a man is filling with potatoes, some other sacks already filled and, behind and above them, a large wain stand out in a dark but very subtly modelled mass from the shadowed ground and threatening sky. In the mid distance other men and women are digging. Beyond them is a vivid burst of sunshine, and the slanting lines of rain from the passing cloud divide the composition into unequal pyramidal masses, giving an unexpected dignity to the scene. To say that the picture recalls Rembrandt, and in such a way that one is as sure that Rembrandt could not have painted it as that Millet could not have painted the great Dutchman's "Holy Family," may seem extravagant. Nevertheless, we believe that most people get from it some such impression. "The Sheepfold," also belonging to Mr. Walters, is one of Millet's "poetic" pictures, very carefully painted, but in which the expression of sentiment is the principal motive. It reminds one forcibly of Keats's line:

"All silent are the flock in woolly fold."

The wattled enclosure occupies nearly all the foreground. A shepherd in cloak and hat stands to the right. Just above the distant horizon swims a gibbous moon, with one small bright cloud to keep it company. Its light touches the backs of the closely packed sheep. The feeling of mysterious, quiet night life is most successfully rendered.

Mr. Quincy Shaw has lent five Millets, not previously seen in New York. Of these, "The Buckwheat Threshers" is perhaps the most effective. The ground rises into a broad low eminence, on the top of which a party of some twenty men in various attitudes swing their flails against the light sky. To the right, a thick volume of smoke ascends from some burning brush or straw. In the foreground a woman drags sheaves of the grain toward the threshers. The picture is painted